VENTURES

MAY, 1952

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A Book of Prose and Verse

MAY, 1952

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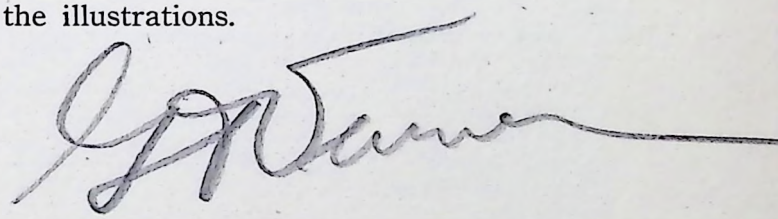

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OVER THE FRONTIER

The adventure which changed the course of my life happened four years ago one beautiful night. I will always remember the tension of that long, long night. It was just like a nightmare. Every time I think of it, it fills me with horror.

We were having beautiful early summer weather. The sun threw his yellow rays down to the earth, forming acute angles. Long shadows were painted on the fresh smelling black earth. The whole of nature looked tired. I had a feeling that she wanted to go to sleep.

Only four men and a boy were marching quietly over the fields. They had heavy bags on their backs. Their heads were bent forward under the heavy loads, and small drops of perspiration appeared on their faces. Only their eyes seemed to be alive. You could read a deep sorrow in them. I looked at every one of them. My father was in front; behind him, Peter and Anton — two new friends—or shall I say traveling companions.

Yes, we all had to leave our country, not because we did not like it, but because we loved it.

You see, our country's misery began about seven years ago when our "liberator"—the Red Army—marched into Roumania. We had been expecting to greet the liberators with joy and flowers. We thought we were dealing with the "representatives of the most progressive country in the world." But instead, a whole army of bandits and criminals brought poverty and misery to our people.

And when the spirit of liberty in our citizens revolted, the hand of the N.K.W.D. (Communist Secret Police) made peace with a brutality that would horrify every American. For those unfortunate people the concentration camp or the deportation to Siberia meant the end.

My father was one of the many who revolted. The police searched our house. They asked me about the kind of political ideas to which my father adhered. I answered, "I don't know."

The same night my father disappeared from home. He lived with relatives in another city for a few weeks. But the danger was still the same. He decided on a way to break through the Iron Curtain into the free world. Because I was the oldest boy in my family, my father decided to take me with him.

And so at the age of fifteen I found myself on the way to freedom.

The evening shadows grew longer until they melted in the darkness. Later the stars appeared in the skies as if they wanted to show us the way. We walked quietly. The bags on our backs became heavier and heavier with every step. We had to stop. When we went on again, I knew that every step was bringing us nearer to the frontier, nearer to danger, or maybe nearer to death.

In these moments I was so terrified that every tree and bush on the roadside looked like a Russian soldier. From second to second I expected to hear the harsh voice of the sentinels. At every sound I was ready to fall to the ground if the guards opened machine gun fire on us.

Thousands of thoughts came to my mind; fear and hope, sorrow and

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MY FIRST DUCK HUNT

At last, near dawn, we came to the marshland abounding in stagnant pools and woody rushes. As we wound our way westward in the grey dawn, the morning stars grew faint and a half-moon ring of light broadened in the east. A piercing west wind made the thin ice crystals upon the pools quiver and grate.

For some time we had been walking in silence; finally my companion chose a favorable blind at the end of the lake, and, speaking to me softly, he bade me crouch down in the rushes. Together, we sat shivering and watching the sky for the flight of a duck flock. The damp ground and undergrowth smelt sweet and earthy. Across the way from us in another blind two other hunters lay hidden; we could see bits of their clothes and could hear the "quack, quack" of the two decoys placed near them.

Finally a flock of ducks appeared high above us; in a tantalizing fashion, they circled above and flew away southward. The damp winds grew more penetrating, and my companion and I became purple with cold. We shivered for perhaps twenty minutes. Then another flock appeared on the horizon, flying straight toward our blind. Breathless with excitement, I flung myself flat upon the ground and before my companion could take aim, "crack, crack," barked my gun.

With fear I lifted my head, for I knew what my companion would say if I had missed and put to flight the whole flock. But luck was with me; one duck lagged behind the rest. It careened and, turning a series of somersaults, fell to the ground. My companion ran, picked up the fallen duck, and brought it to me. On handling it, I felt more like a nauseated murderer than a successful huntress.

Of course, we took the duck home and my companion ate it; but not I. Even now, a well-plucked, ice-packed duck in a butcher shop, brings back a picture of my first shot, the limp head, the bright soft feathers sticky with blood.

Valeria Staniszewski, 10B

THE SEA

The sea is calm tonight,
Glimmering and vast, beyond the bay.
The water flies about in a spray.
The water comes in with a great roar,
And the waves break on the shore.

Bruce Fredrick, 10B

OVER THE FRONTIER

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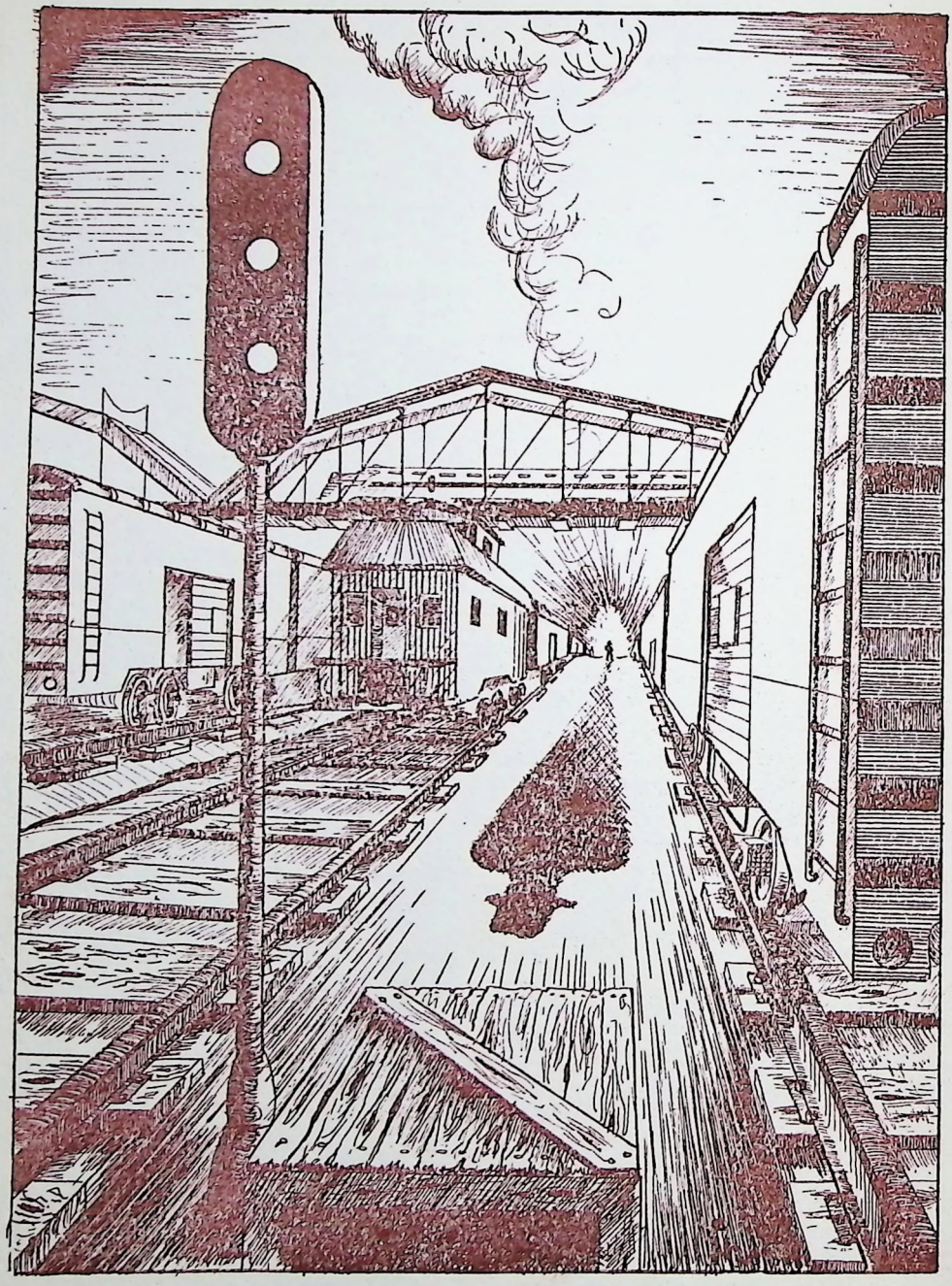
shame, uncertainty covering everything took power over my soul. My heart beat faster and louder. I could almost hear it myself. Seconds were as long as hours, hours seemed years. Every step led us nearer and nearer to the frontier.

After a few more steps we stood in front of a hole made by a bomb during the war. We jumped in; nobody moved. We were only eyes and ears. About fifty yards behind us we heard Russian guards talking. Yes, behind us. We had passed over the frontier without knowing it. A heavy stone, a heavy tension had been removed from our souls.

John Crisan, 12B



Joe Cuffaro

A MAN OF MYSTERY

One dark cool night in June the stars were brightly shining in the heavens. As I walked along the dark alleys towards the freight yards, there came over me a mixture of fear and excitement. The excitement I understood; it was something that had been in me all of the sixteen years of my life and the feeling had kept growing in me until I couldn't stand it any longer. It was the urge for adventure, travel and danger. But I could not understand the fear which, with every beat of my heart, welled up within me. It seemed as if something were telling me, "Go back! Go back! Go back!"

I had made my plans carefully. Every night at eleven a freight stopped for five minutes on a side track to let a passenger train pass. It was simple. All I had to do was to get in, or on, one of the cars.

In my knap-sack I had four cans of beans and some soup, matches and a pan. I also had seventy-five dollars hidden in the lining of my coat, so I would not starve.

It was about fifteen minutes to eleven when I reached the yards and I headed straight for where I knew the side track was. I had time so I headed for the shadow of a building beside the tracks. I was just sitting down when I heard a voice say warmly, "Hello."

I jumped up and looked around but I couldn't see very well in the darkness. Then the voice said, "Don't be afraid; I won't hurt you."

There was a minute of silence and I said, "Who are you?"

He said, "Just a friend. Are you hopping the eleven-fifteen?"

"Yes," I said, trying not to show my fear.

"That's a good one," he said, "it'll take you far."

"That's just what I want to do; get just as far away as possible," I said with a show of bravery in my voice.

"Got a bad home, or something?" asked the man.

Indignantly I shouted, "No, it's just that I want to get out and see the world and seek adventure."

"Or end up along a railroad bed," the voice broke in.

"No! What do you mean?"

"Well," he said, "it's more work than anything riding the rods. You have to know things like where to hide, how to get on the trains without getting caught, and how and where to ride on a train, how to save yourself from starving. You have to live like a pig and eat like a pig. You have to run and hide from the railroad cops.

"You may think you will meet nice friends, but they won't be nice until they find that you have seventy-five dollars on you. Then they will knife you in the back."

"Seventy-five dollars," I shouted. "How did you know that I have seventy-five dollars?"

"Well, let's call it a lucky guess. Listen, kid, go home to your family before they find you're missing. Just think how broken-hearted your mother will be. Forget the eleven-fifteen."

I listened as the man continued, "You can find adventure other places. Be a pilot on an airliner or something. Be an explorer, be a

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Ronald Boone

A MAN OF MYSTERY

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cop—anything, but don't go on that train."

"Well," I said, "well." Just then I heard the train coming.

"Well," said the voice, "are you going or staying?"

"O. K. I'll stay."

"Give me your word," commanded the voice.

"O. K. I give you my word." Then I turned around and waited to see the train. Any minute I would be able to see my man of mystery by its light. But when the light did shine on me, and I turned around to see him, nobody was there. Where I thought a man had been standing, there was a big box.

Ronald Boone, 9A

A GLORIOUS DAY

In Germany I always enjoyed getting up in the morning before dawn to go into the woods. After I entered the forest, it seemed to me, I was in a different world. The peacefulness, sometimes only disturbed by the noise of a nearby mountain well, made me feel free. The whole world seemed to be so wonderful, far away from pain and trouble.

Then when the sun arose the whole forest awoke too. Birds began to sing, and even the trees were awake because you could imagine hearing them talk as the morning breeze went through their leaves. The flowers opened up and looked into the face of the sun, as if they would call: "Everybody get up! This is no time to sleep; God has given us once again a glorious day!"

John Zillich, 10B

Molly Leontes

FRIGHT

In one half hour I experienced enough fright to last a lifetime. The autumn night was crisp and dry. My mother and I were alone at home. No sound could be heard in the house save that of my mother's needle and scissors and the turning of the pages of my book. Suddenly the stillness of the house was broken by someone's hysterical pounding on the kitchen door.

The frantic woman we found at the door told us a fire was burning in our basement. I stared in disbelief. Her words were like daggers of ice pinning me to the floor. It couldn't be true. Just then the dolorous wail of the fire engine sounded. Truth stared us in the face and in a minute we joined the others in the street.

As we stood watching the firefighters pouring tons of water into the basement, thoughts of being left homeless went through my mind. I felt helpless because I couldn't do anything to help save our home. The flames were lifelike. They reached, they snatched, they destroyed. The situation seemed hopeless. Soon, however, I realized that the fire was being extinguished. In another ten minutes it was out. The house had suffered only minor damages and was safe.

Molly Leontes, 12B

SPRING

Daffodils the color of the sun,
A butterfly floating in the breeze,
A robin's melody lilting through the trees,
White clouds like lost sheep roaming the blue sky.
These are the harbingers of spring.

Deanna Jones, 9A

John Zillich

Dear Galechka

PROBLEM PARENTS

I have often wondered why, when a group of parents get together for an evening of relaxation, the main topic of conversation is their children. Children are the chief subject of conversation when Mother's and Dad's friends come to play canasta on Friday nights.

The moment my parents open the door to welcome their guests, they say, "Hello, Jim and Mary, how are the children?" From that moment on, the whole evening is spent telling how the children are.

Listening to these conversations I have come to the conclusion that most children fall into one of these two groups: "mothers little helpers," and the problem children.

Mother and Dad think of my brother Joe and me as "little helpers." And I must admit that we are. Joe washes the dishes until they shine. I help Mother clean the house and I prepare most of the meals because Mother has a job. I also do the family wash every week and what's more, I enjoy doing it.

Mrs. Jackson, our next door neighbor, said to Mother one day, "Anne, you certainly are lucky to have a daughter who helps you. I can't get our Kitty to dry the dishes, let alone wash clothes."

Mother smiled at Mrs. Jackson and said, "When the children were very young, my husband and I agreed not to spoil them. We believe that every person in a family must do his share of the work. The children have been taught to do as they are told and now they have formed the habit of obeying."

In striking contrast to my parents' method of disciplining is the Gardner's method. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner are always telling of their troubles with their three boys, Kirby, Bill, and Kenny, aged seven, five, and three, respectively. "I don't know how I've kept from losing my mind," Mrs. Gardner will say. "Kirby is getting so naughty since he's been at school, he just won't listen to me."

I was angry when Mrs. Gardner said this, for I remembered that the last time she brought Kirby to visit at our house, he went into my room and knocked my little white radio off the night stand. The radio cracked wide open and Kirby became so frightened he began to cry.

Instead of scolding him, Mrs. Gardner said, "Angel, please don't cry. Mother will feel sad if you do." Mrs. Gardner is a bright woman, yet she is continually puzzled by her son's bad behavior.

Mom and Dad are always asked how they manage to keep such a peaceful household. "Every child must be taught discipline from the very beginning," Daddy will say.

Mom usually points out that children need praise and love as well as discipline. Often Mother says this to Betty, her old school friend, the mother of two young daughters who grudgingly help with the housework. Betty, who works all day, usually comes home irritable, snaps at the girls and is too tired to comment on the delicious supper they have prepared for the family.

A child needs to be praised when he deserves it. How sad I would feel if Mom didn't bubble over with delight when I clean her cupboards

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PROBLEM PARENTS

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or sew a skirt for her. And what a joy to see the light in Dad's eyes as he dons a crisp, white shirt which I have just ironed for him.

From listening to the conversation of people who have disobedient children and from observation of their behavior, I have decided that there are no "problem children," only problem parents.

Diane Palechka, 11A

WILDFIRE

I am a person who feels free in various ways and in various places. However, I feel the free-est when I am riding my favorite mount, Wildfire. His spirit, speed, and gentleness never fail to thrill me. As we race through the emerald-green pastures, the wind, whistling in my ears like a happy schoolboy, stings my face and leaves me breathless. As we ford the shallow, murky stream, the minnows dart hurriedly helter-skelter to avoid Wildfire's prancing hoofs. Without giving me time to catch my breath, Wildfire ascends the steep ledge jutting dangerously out over the fertile valley below. He does it with the ease and grace of a gazelle.

Once at the summit, he pauses momentarily. Then carefully he picks his way down the rocky, loose-sanded slope, because he is extremely considerate of my safety on dangerous terrain. Upon reaching the valley floor, seemingly unconscious of me upon his back, he once more breaks into a wild gallop that I enjoy. He seems as free as Zane Grey's "Wildfire," and I, utterly thrilled, happy and contented, feel as free as the fairy queen Titania.

Barbara Ellen Zola, 12B

GOATS

The only goats I like and trust are dead ones. I never had anything against them until about three years ago when I spent two weeks of my summer vacation on a farm.

One warm day that summer as I was walking through the yard enjoying the green and peaceful land around, I felt as if someone were watching me as a cat would a mouse. I turned around and looked straight into the eyes of a goat that had just pushed open the gate of his pen. We stood there gazing at each other. And then all at once he started running toward me.

At first I was too frightened to do anything but watch him. Then I looked past him and right at the big barn. I noticed that the windows of it were low enough for me to jump through. The problem now was how to get around the goat. On the right side was a haystack, so I had to run around the left. I could sense the goat right behind me, but I kept running. When I finally reached the barn I saw that the windows weren't as low as they had looked but I finally managed to get through with the goat standing and watching me.

When I fell I landed on a pile of dried corncobs which were very uncomfortable. Two days later I went home with a bump on my head and a few scratches. From that day on my friendship with goats was dissolved for good.

Sue Schroeder, 10B

THE LONG ROAD

The Milky Way is a long road,
Where angels walk in the night,
With the stars as their lamp-posts.

Leon Gubeno, 11B

A CONTRADICTION

She is as sweet and warm-hearted as she is crude and ignorant. She came to this country as a young bride of eighteen. She knew no English then. Today, forty years later, she knows very little but she has what very few people have, the ability to be understood without speaking. Anyone who sees her smile and her kind eyes feels certain he has found a friend.

Her faults are many but no one seems to notice them. Neither do they notice her loud, harsh voice nor the sloppy way she dresses. All they are aware of is the warmth of her personality and the sympathetic way she listens to their troubles. Everyone agrees that she is the best-loved woman on our street. They go to her with everything from a scraped knee to a broken marriage.

On our street there lived a man and his wife with their three children. For years they quarreled and could not get along. They both repelled all help with their marital difficulties until this kindly foreign neighbor stepped into the picture. No one knows what she did or said but gradually, very slowly, but surely, the couple came back together again.

Our neighbor herself has had a hard life. When she was eighteen, she married a man much older than herself. He had one son from a former marriage and they had two other sons of their own later. She and the children rarely enjoyed even one square meal a day. Her husband was stingy and spiteful but she has been brought up in the tradition that the man is lord and master of his home and so she let him have his way and has never complained.

In spite of all this trouble in her own life and all the reasons she has had to be bitter, she has never seemed bitter, and every year she seems to grow sweeter.

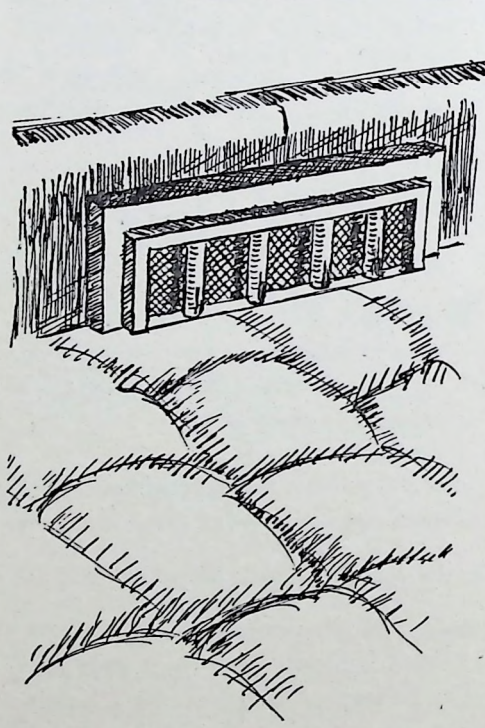
Estelle Dunderdale, 10A

THE WIND

When with the strength of a lumberjack, the wind comes howling at my door
I don't cry out as Poe's Raven did "nevermore, nevermore."
For while others may fret and worry I don't give a care
Just because the wind, the wind, the powerful wind is blowing aft and fore.
As a soothing wind caresses me, the emotion inside of me grows and grows, till at length
I feel more free, free, free, than even the mighty North Wind as it blows through every tree.
So while others may fret and worry, don't you give a care,
Just because the wonderful, wonderful wind is blowing through your hair.
For how could so small a price for the feeling of freedom, be a burden too great to bear.

Beverly Sommerfeld, 12B

Beverly Sommerfeld



LITTLE URCHIN

A little urchin, cold and small,
Sat beside a dark stone wall.
Clad with rags upon his back
To ward off any cold attack.
As he sat there weary eyed
He mumbled, moaned, and even sighed.
To watch each G. I. passing by
Made him blush, for he was shy.
A hope for food was his desire
Any type he could acquire.
There was no task he would not do
For just one crumb, perhaps two.
A lanky G. I. strolling by
Gave him crackers soft and dry.
To show his gratitude and joy
The urchin jumped and kissed the boy.

Ann Patrick, 12B

RUNNING AWAY

Running away is a strange adventure. You wake up in the morning for school and already your mother's nagging at you, as she has been doing for five mornings, not counting after school. You've finished breakfast now, and are on your way to school with a relieved feeling in your stomach. You get to school. You're late. Again you have somebody down your neck. You have a spelldown today, so the teacher divides the class—half on each side of the room. You're first, you're good, and you have everybody praying for you. You receive the word "FOREIGN"; you get a funny feeling in your stomach, then you try—nope, wrong. You go back to your seat, lazy like, and start writing "FOREIGN" ten times.

You change your mind. You think, "I'll teach my mother a lesson, I'm going to run away, maybe not forever, just for today."

You tear a piece of scratch paper off and write a note to your mother reading: "Bye, Mother I'm running away."

After school you go home and leave your school bag on the porch with the note on top. Then you grab your BB gun from the coal bin and head for your boy friend. Your boy friend is not at home; he went to the West Woods. You go to the West Woods where your boy friends go to Battlefield Hill and aim at a few targets. Your boy friend looks at his new watch.

"Wow!" he says, "I was supposed to be at home half an hour ago."

He leaves you. You go to town and spend your last nickel on a candy bar and figure it's time to go home. You round a corner and somebody offers you a ride on his bike, if you let him use your gun. So, you ride around the neighborhood park and come back. He gives you back your gun and takes off. You turn around and wonder why it's so dark. You look up and a street light is dark, so you take off too. You finally reach home panting and go up to the door. "Locked," now what are you going to do? Then you feel somebody locking his hand on your shoulder. You are pulled around and you stand face to face, to what looks like one of the big bullies of school. Then along comes your mother and grabs you by the collar and takes you to your bedroom and "BOOM!" Then you wipe away your tears and go to sleep. Your father comes up after supper and wakes you telling you of his efforts to find you. Maybe, your father and mother are different that way.

When you think of some peculiar plan for running away, read this story.

Kenneth Vevrek, 7B

The Culprit

Why do we fret
  And why do we fume?
In this wonderful world
  There is no room,
For the groaners
And moaners
And those who complain.
Remember:
For your own unhappiness
You are to blame.

Don Myers, 10A

MY LITTLE SISTER

My little sister lives in a wonderful—and sometimes fearful—world of fantasy. She can change in the twinkling of an eye from an infant to an adult. At one moment she is an infant creeping slowly and clumsily about the floor. At the next tick of the clock, she is a fine, but somewhat haughty lady.

The phases she goes through in a short space of time are simply amazing. At one time she is a teacher and by some strange magic becomes a pupil also. One part of her is a very learned teacher, the other an astoundingly dull-witted child. The teacher part finds her a most trying pupil, quite incapable of learning anything.

At other times she becomes the whole class, stupid and bright combined. The Quiz-Kids would make a poor showing against this superchild. I am ashamed to say that she doesn't hesitate to place the teacher in a very poor light, embarrassing her to the point of tears.

She changes from one sex to the other with astonishing rapidity. She is a refined lady playing hostess to equally genteel friends; the next moment she is in fierce combat with Indians. She becomes in turn Buffalo Bill, General MacArthur, and assorted greats of all periods in history.

The human race is too limited in its scope for my little sister, so she steps into the animal or even the vegetable kingdom. When she tires of being a lion, a prancing horse, or a tiger slinking through the tall grass, she becomes a sweet-scented flower, waving gently to and fro.

At times she is a highly explosive shell just bursting to go somewhere and burst with a tremendous noise.

Again she is a fire engine, the firemen, the fire, the huge crowd watching it and even the hose playing water on the fire. The racket and fury of her sound effects are fearsome and wonderful.

When she decides to have a play, she really outdoes herself, as author, director, and supervisory personnel. She plays all the parts herself, of course. In addition, she is the scenery and the audience which madly applauds her colossal talent. She finds no difficulty in playing the Wicked Old Witch and the Good Fairy at one and the same time.

At night when she is sleeping she is only one thing—My Little Sister. Gone is the horrible leer of the Wicked Old Witch, the snarl of the western bad man, the howling of the hunger-mad wolves. Now she is like the Good Fairy, radiating love and sweetness. Or, better still, like . . . My Little Sister.

Jean Peterson, 11B

BROWN BRAIDS

Wherever I went,
They followed me,
Bobbing up and down,
Those tiresome brown braids.
I tried them up,
I tried them down,
I wound them round and round,
Those hateful brown braids.
The shop was bright and cheerful,
The operator most willing,
The scissors snipped and snipped,
Those faithful followers were gone.

Kay Clabaugh, 12B

The Flying Enterprise

It was a thing beloved. It was held endearing—
This Flying Enterprise that was careening
Over the tumultuous waves.
If you had a good friend who was in danger
I could think of nothing stranger
Than for you to let him meet the peril
Without a-care-at-all about his fate
And this gallant vessel, especially to its captain
And secondly to its mate
It was really a friend endearing
And because it was careening
It really needed a steady helping hand.
Captain Carleson, Captain Carleson stayed
On the sloping decks
Trying to nurse the uneasy ship to shore—to shore.
But the elements were wary
Of this creature who was caring
For this vessel that was doomed
Like one who had bubonic plague—bubonic plague.
There on the sloping decks of the vessel
Magnificently bowing to each curtseying wave
Stood the captain, straight and tall,
Straight and tall, who would not fall,
Not at all, not at all.
Then fate seemed to be relaxing
And disaster was not clasping
The doomed ship to her bosom.
"Relief," thought the Captain, "is in the air"
In the air but not elsewhere
For it was only deceiving
And nature set the ship once again reeling
Till the captain got another feeling
This time of despair.
The gallant captain stood his ground
He tried and tried and tried.
But the fury was too much for even one so brave as he.
In the end, as I see it,
He was not defeated
Though his boat upon the rocks was beaten
For one who dares to stand and scoff at danger
Could not go down in mock and shame.
Rather should he be wreathed in fame.

Beverly Sommerfeld, 12B

Marion Murai

★ INTERNATIONAL AVENUE ★

For nearly a year after my eighth birthday, my father and I lived in a boarding house on Whittaker Avenue in Cleveland. In retrospect that boarding house seems nearer being an ideal international center than any other place I've seen or heard of, even the famous International House at Columbia University. Rockefeller's famous gift to the University has succeeded in promoting understanding, and friendships have lasted only while the groups of mixed races lived there. On Whittaker Avenue, however, the people treat each other with true and spontaneous understanding, and usually their friendships are life-long. This is unusual because of the multicolored and various religious groups represented in this section of the city.

Nicky and Eddie who ran the boarding house were an unusual couple. Though they were of different racial and religious backgrounds, they were always in perfect accord. Nicky was Catholic and Eddie, Evangelical Lutheran. Eddie attended the Catholic service with Nicky and Nicky attended the Evangelical service with Eddie.

Most of the other boarders were American-Japanese but next door to us lived a kindly old Jewish couple. I remember them chiefly for the cherry tree they had in their back yard. In spring the fragrance of the blossoms lingered in my room and on summer nights I could hear the smothered giggles of children who were venturesome enough to try stealing the cherries. At the corner was a delicatessen, owned by the nicest Italian man; he used to give me unusually large amounts of ice cream in the cones for which I paid only a nickel.

My two best friends were little Negro children, Billy and Jane Williams, who lived across the street. I had so much fun with them. We could always find something to do: play hide and seek, I spy, or just sit on their wide, creaking porch swing and read books or talk about school. Other times we'd watch Nicky bake cookies; and, after they were done, she would give us some. Um-m, I can just taste them now; warm, crunchy and delicious.

I had fun with the other boarders too, in spite of their being adults. I was the only child and they spoiled me a little. I remember the Christmas I spent there. On Christmas Eve I hung my stocking by the fireplace and the next morning it was stuffed full of goodies and tiny toys. Under the tree were dozens of presents and, when names were called, I found to my delight I had a huge pile of them. Every one had given me a gift. I received a plaster of Paris molding set, clay for modeling, two dolls, a doctor's kit, a paint box, boxes of puzzles, books and almost everything else an eight-year-old girl could want.

For dinner the entire household went to the Chinese Golden Gate Restaurant. The food was delicious, but I almost forgot to eat so excited was I at being in a restaurant for the first time. We ordered whatever we wanted. Though I liked the food, I was slightly disappointed because many of the courses were like the things my mother often made for

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New Year's. I had hoped that they would taste different.

After dinner we drove home, and of all things it was snowing. Since I had spent all my life in Arizona, I had never before seen snow. To me it was the perfect ending to a perfect day. It was no wonder that as soon as my head touched the pillow, I slipped into dreamland.

I've met many friends since that year I spent on Whittaker Avenue: white, brown, red, and yellow. All have contributed something to my happiness — laughter, comradeship, and comfort. No race or nationality has a monopoly on all the good qualities of character. These lessons I learned unconsciously while I lived on Whittaker Avenue.

Marion Murai, 9A

Music Magic

Symphonies are fairy wands
That over your soul
Can weave a spell
Of rapture and despair.
The lilting, soothing,
Moving, haunting
Strains swallow
Your whole being.
And booming crescendos,
Falling diminuendos,
Help weave the ethereal
Web of a symphony.

Molly Leontes, 12A

Faces

Is the sunrise not the inspiration
On a child's face?
Then surely the sunset
Is an aged one fringed with lace.

Leon Gubeno, 11B

Leon Gubeno

MY COUSIN

My little cousin, who is five years old, is very playful; in fact, sometimes he begins to be a pest. He hangs on me and begs me to play with him. One time when I walked into the living room, he was there— on top of the piano. He let out a wild scream as he leaped on me.

He is always getting hurt, but never says anything, because "cowboys and Indians don't cry;" but as soon as he gets a scratch that starts to bleed, he cries as if he were being killed.

He is unbelievably clever for his age. If he does something wrong— and that's forever happening — he either denies it or blames his ten-year-old sister. One time he knocked the Christmas tree down; and when we went rushing in, we found him standing there looking at it and mumbling, "Look, the tree fell, Ma! It must have been Santa Claus that did it." We fixed the tree and just laughed at him. In fact, every time his mother is about to punish him, he says something funny to make her laugh and he gets away with it. If I should try to tell him about his childish capers when he gets older, he probably will laugh at me.

Gordon McGovern, 10B

The Tulip Tree

White at the top,
Pink in the middle
Then red, near the bud.
In winter, summer and autumn,
I wait for them to appear,
Then all of a sudden I see
The blossoms of a tulip tree.

Barbara Petruzzi, 9A

Barbara Petruzzi

FISCH

TOURS OF REDISCOVERY

Little children are wonderfully sensitive to the beauty of their surroundings. A tour of the neighborhood by Taylor-Tot to a wee child is a voyage of discovery. New sights, new sounds—their little world is a place of exciting beauty.

When my little nephew, Donnie, began noticing the world about him, it was the robin's red breast that first attracted his attention. I could see his eyes shine and his face light up as he sat there watching Mr. Red Breast hopping over the lawn. First, he stretched out toward the bird as if it would jump right into his tiny hands. Then he ran toward it shouting and the bird flew away. Donnie wonderingly looked up at me, shook his head and said, "See, gone."

When my small charge began walking, he never deigned to use the sidewalk. He loved the grass. He loved to feel its softness under his tiny feet. As he walked along, he would pick every little dandelion and weed and say, "See, Auntie." To Donnie each little weed was a beautiful flower.

Animals attracted Donnie's attention. He loves to touch the soft curly hair of the "bow-wow." It was rather difficult to teach him that all dogs are not good.

While Donnie and I were playing in the sandbox one day, he noticed an ant scurrying back and forth from its little home. After watching it enter its home, Donnie got down and with his tiny finger followed the ant, trying vainly to catch it.

That same day a bee was buzzing and flitting from flower to flower. Donnie noticed the little yellow bag it carried near his hind legs. He kept going over to it trying to catch it. I explained that it was a bee and that it might hurt him but I didn't pay much attention to him until suddenly he came running to me pointing to his finger. "See, bee, see, bee," he shouted. From that day on he has never bothered a bee.

Seeing the world through Donnie's eyes is like re-discovering all the beauties of nature.

Patricia Claren, 9A

Prelude

I hear in the distance the rumbling
Of thunder and see huge black clouds
Racing each other
Across the sky.
Closer, closer they come;
The wind, excited, lets out
A sharp, mournful wail;
The tall trees sigh and bend
To the will of their master, the wind.
Suddenly — a blinding streak of lightning
Lights the sky,
Bringing to an end, the fiery prelude
To the gentle, tapping tune
Of the rain.

Diane Palechka, 11A

War

Weeping children roam the streets,
Clothing gone, no food to eat,
Ruins lie about their feet.
Cold war strikes again!

Helen Elias, 12A

THE TIE THAT BINDS

It was a dark cold night in September. The figure of a small boy could be seen in the moonlight. He was looking into the valley watching a boat rounding a bend in the river.

A beam of light searching for the bank and the sound of distant voices gave him a feeling of loneliness. It was late at night and he wanted to go home, but he couldn't, for he had run away from home and was now too frightened to return.

As he sat there, he thought of the events which had led to his running away. Earlier in the evening his mother had gone to the store and left him to take care of his little brother.

While the boy sat in the kitchen, his little brother, without his knowledge, wandered into the living room. All of a sudden there was a crash of glass. Rushing into the living room, the boy saw the broken lamp on the floor. As he bent over to pick it up, his mother walked into the room and, seeing him gathering up the pieces of the lamp, assumed he had broken it.

"You have broken my best lamp," she accused. "Why are you so careless?"

"I didn't break it," the boy started to explain.

"Don't lie about it," interrupted his mother.

"You won't believe me," said the boy sadly. "You don't love me. I am going away and I'll not come back."

When he left the house, filled with resentment, he sought some friends. A few were still outside playing and he joined them, but a few at a time they began going home. Soon it became dark and he was all alone.

Suddenly he realized that he was cold and hungry, for he had not yet had his supper. Sadly he sat at the top of the hill and watched the trains in the freight yards. There were a few engines switching cars to different tracks and their headlights could be seen for a long distance. But later there was no longer any activity in the freight yards and the boy was left staring into darkness. Then came a boat and he watched it; but soon it rounded the bend in the river and was out of sight.

It was very dark now and the boy, realizing he was all alone, became frightened and stood up to look around. As he rose, he felt the cold autumn wind pierce his thin clothing. Oh, how he wished he were at home in his nice warm bed!

Then he thought of the garage. It would not be very warm but he'd be out of the cold wind and off the dark streets which frightened him.

As he came close to his yard, he wished his mother would be waiting for him as she usually did when he came home late, but she was not there. He would like to go inside the house instead of to the garage, but he was afraid that his father would punish him and he was too proud to return.

He took a last look at the house and went into the garage. It was so dark inside that he turned on the light to look for a place to sleep. In the corner he found a coat which he used as a cover; but when he pulled it around his shoulders, his feet were cold, and when he covered his feet,

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THE BEAUTIFUL WOODS

I have gone through the woods many times, both alone or accompanied by friends. And I've seen many beautiful sights. It is truly thrilling to walk along the tranquil path in the spring, to hear the birds singing in the trees, and to watch the frisky animals dart here and there. It fills one's heart with joy to gaze at the serene landscape about him. In summer the various plant life and flowers fill the air with their faintly scented perfume. The green grass flourishes among the ever-towering trees, covered with silvery dew and shining like a thousand emeralds against its peaceful background. The happy squirrels dart to and fro, gliding along the slender boughs, like beautiful ruddy shadows against the azure sky. In the autumn the leaves fall to the cool moist ground, like tiny dolls that have lost their green dresses, attired in beautiful red, brown, and yellow hued garments of beauty.

And then comes winter bringing the cold winds that rustle among the leafless trees whirling the white snow before them, warning the small animals into cozy snug houses to wait the arrival of an even more beautiful spring. The season that I enjoy the most and regard as the most beautiful of all is the summer.

Dennis Gerheim, 7B

THE TIE THAT BINDS

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his body was cold. Finally he gave up trying to get warm and went to sleep.

A little later he was awakened by a gentle shaking. Rubbing his eyes, he looked up and saw his mother. She looked down at him and in a kind voice she asked, "Wouldn't you rather sleep in your warm bed after you have something warm to eat?" Without answering the boy threw his arms around her. She hugged him and then began to cry. "I thought you were hurt or had gotten lost," she explained as she wiped the tears from his eyes. Then she took him by the hand and together they walked to the house. Later as his mother tucked him into bed, he looked up at her and said, "Gee, Mom, I'm sure glad you found me."

Robert Clinko, 10B

SPRING

Spring is lovely,
Especially the rain,
When it comes tumbling
On my window pane.

Joan Lucas, 10B

A LEAF

God gave everything on earth a job
to do,
Even a leaf.
A leaf in summer shades the birds
from the sun.
When the rains come,
It is an umbrella for them.

In fall its color changes
And soon it leaves the mother tree
But it goes on with God's work,
Warming the roots of a rose bush.

Charlotte Heil, 10B

Wanda Golden

MY GRANDMOTHER

My grandmother is a person who depends on nobody but herself for help; not that she believes she excels others, but it is the way she was brought up. Although she never went past the third grade, she knows things which a school could never teach. She is a God-fearing woman who believes implicitly in the Church of God.

Strong both in mind and body, she has reared all twelve of her children and seen each of the twelve married. Married herself at the age of twelve, she tells everyone she would do the same thing over again because, "My life has been a happy and contented one. I have had just about all the happiness a woman could desire, my husband, my children, my grandchildren; and I need never worry about being alone or afraid in this world until I die. Then when I die, I need never worry about being alone in the other world either."

Being Irish, Grandmother has a terrible temper, though she seldom gives vent to it. But a more understanding woman cannot be found. She has passed much of her knowledge on to her own children. Although they may try to be like my grandmother, there is no one person who can follow exactly in her footsteps, no matter how hard he tries.

If a person asked me to describe my grandmother I could only say she probably looks like your grandmother. She has had a contented life and is still strong in body although in her late fifties. Her hair is silver, silky, and very long. She has blue eyes which twinkle. Her hands and face are wrinkled from her long years of hard work, but no matter how old she looks on the outside, her heart is still young and gay. Yes, I believe my grandmother has had a happily-lived life, for her eyes mirror all the richness and glory she has ever seen; and I believe her when she says, "I am not afraid to die because if my life has been this wonderful on earth, I know it will be better in the world to come."

Wanda Golden, 10A

FATHER'S CAR

As everyone in our neighborhood knows by now, Father loves his car. He washes, shines, and checks it over once a week, although he hardly ever drives it. Father always says, "What's the use of having a car if you can't be proud of it?"

If it's raining, our little Plymouth stays in the garage. In other words, father's pride and joy is his Plymouth, and he can't risk driving it very often. When father first bought our car, Mom said he would soon get over his love for it, but Dad fooled Mom. Of course Dad loves us just as much as his car, but when it comes to our learning how to drive our new Plymouth, he can't bring himself to give us permission. I'll never forget the day my sister ran into the gutter with Dad's Plymouth. Dad was sick for a week.

Everyone jokes about our Plymouth, but we don't mind. Dad's interest is his car, and no one can change him. How proud we feel when we do go riding on an occasional Sunday afternoon with Father and his car!

Emma Francescangeli, 10B

HAPPY FIVE

When I was five years old, I was happy. Life seemed to move along smoothly. I had only one worry and that was, "When will I ever grow up?" I longed for the freedom and independence of the ten-year-old. At ten, sixteen seemed the perfect age. Then I would be definitely mature and independent. But now that I'm sixteen, I wish I were five again.

When I think of the happy life I had at five, I wonder why I ever wanted to be older. I can still hear my aunt cooing, "Isn't she adorable," as I recited "Mary had a little lamb." My grandmother always said, "Estelle is a genius." The only trouble was that then I did not want to be sweet or adorable or even a genius. I wanted to be ten years old!

The reason for this desire was that I wanted freedom. I wanted to be permitted to help with household tasks — anything to help. But it seemed that every time I tried to help, I only got in the way. I broke dishes when I tried to wipe them and knocked ashtrays off the table when I dusted. It was all very discouraging.

Finally my tenth year came and I was given plenty of opportunities to help out. I missed being told I was cute and adorable and no one made a fuss over me. True, I had more freedom but what I wanted was to be noticed. I longed to be sixteen and be considered glamorous. "Oh," I used to say, "to be sixteen, to wear stockings and lipstick, and go on dates." I always saw myself in a beautiful party dress with a swishing skirt dancing all evening.

Again I was doomed to disappointment. Now that I am sixteen, my family treats me as an adult. I realize that I am not ready for the responsibility. It is all very confusing. I have the family attention — too much of it—but now I want to be let alone. Lipstick always smears, stockings always get runs in them and dates are always fresh.

I rarely have an occasion for a party dress. When I go out it is usually to the show and I wear a sweater and skirt.

No matter how old a child is, she never seems to be satisfied. That's why I say, "Oh, to be an ignorant five instead of a bewildered sixteen!"

Estelle Dunderdale, 10B

Snow

The snow was falling,
  There was a slight breeze.
It made no sound,
  As it covered the trees.

Maureen McKrell, 11B

Maureen McKrell

Alone

The years came, and then passed by;
And here was I,
  Alone.
I felt the cooling breath of spring;
My heart did sing,
  Alone.
The seasons changed; but faithful and
      true,
I waited for you,
  Alone.
And when you came, our full hearts sang;
I was no more,
  Alone.
Yet, like the years, you too passed by;
Now here am I,
  Alone.

Dolores Labinski, 11A

Dolores Labinski

THE NORMANDY

Never will I forget the sight of that burnt monster. The ship, if you want to call it that, was the Normandy, burnt so badly you could hardly recognize it. It looked like a giant whale lying on its side.

What a dreary day it was! On the rain-soaked dock stood the hundreds of people. "Just to see a burnt boat?" I asked my father. But it was more than a burnt boat; it was the Normandy. I looked at the people who were standing around me, to see what they thought of the mess. The grownups had anger, concern, and interest written on their faces, and the little kids, like me, just curiosity. Who did it? Why?

The Normandy was originally a French ship, and the Americans were converting it into an aircraft carrier or a troop ship. One day it mysteriously caught fire while the men were working on it. It was docked in the North River in New York. People not far from the dock thought the whole waterfront was on fire. Fireboats and fire engines did the best they could to put the fire out, but they only succeeded in turning it on its side and sinking it. Some people said sabotage was the cause; others said carelessness. To this day people do not know how the fire started. A couple of days later the once great French liner made its last journey, to the junk yards.

Charlotte Heil, 9B

Charlotte Heil

Don Myers

THE REAL UTOPIA

Many people think that farm life means nothing but hard work. Only one who has lived and worked on a farm knows the deep satisfactions of a farmer's life.

Beauty surrounds the farmer. In the spring, the rolling green pastures, his well cared for cattle and poultry, the orchards in full bloom —all give him great pleasure. In the summer, his fields of golden wheat and corn and his fragrant berries and fresh vegetables give him a sense of well-being; and in the fall he gathers his crops and is deeply grateful for the bountiful harvest which his work has made possible.

I've always had a secret desire to live on a farm and be a farmer's son. Living in the out-of-doors, surrounded by the beauty of the earth, seems to me the ideal existence.

Summers when I have vacationed on my uncle's farm, I have had a chance to taste the joys of farm life. My uncle's farm, I believe, is typical of what a farm should be. It is located on a country road. A crooked, bumpy, little lane leads from the road to the buildings. The large red barn has a friendly air about it.

Set back from the barn is the hospitable-looking shingled house. The fence around it has a swinging gate which encloses a well kept lawn. The large vine-covered front porch looks cool and inviting. Beside the house is a gnarled old apple tree with a swing hanging from it.

During my vacation there, we arose at six in the morning to do the chores. I can recall distinctly, while walking out to the barn, the fresh cool smell of the morning and the heavy dew on the grass. After the cows were milked and put out to pasture, my cousin and I hitched a small trailer to the tractor and loaded it with the large cans of milk.

Hastening back to the house we had breakfast, and what a breakfast! Fried eggs, toast, bacon, rolled oats with honey, sweet rolls, pancakes and a large pitcher of cool, fresh milk is the usual menu.

The rest of the day we combined wheat, and sometimes, to my dislike, cut thistles in the cow pasture. When I had a few minutes to myself, I followed the little stream that ran along in the pasture, or took a walk in the cool, fragrant woods.

The woods were on a low hill and I had to walk through the many corn fields to get there. Finally I reached the entrance, which was marked by an old, worn out, rusty piece of farm machinery that had lain there for many years. The vines had entwined themselves among the spokes of the large rusty wheels so that I could distinguish only parts of it. While standing there I looked back and gazed at the beautiful landscape of the different colored patches of grain and corn, the pasture, the barn and house, all at a distance, and the dusty road that disappeared into the horizon.

I then entered the woods. It seemed to have a deep inner silence of its own. The calling of a bird echoed as he flew into the distance. I lay down among the maiden hair ferns and looked up through the trees at the patch of deep blue sky.

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Barbara Ellen Zola
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THE REAL UTOPIA

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Although I wanted to stay, I knew it was time for me to return for milking and evening chores.

At five o'clock the cows came in. Once they were in, the family chatted over ice cream and then went to bed. I was tired but the thoughts of the day kept running over in my mind. My head sank deep into the soft pillow. A cool breeze blew in from the open window. I drowsily listened to the serenade of the crickets and the tree frogs. Far off I heard the muffled sound of a train whistle. This was truly peace.

All of these memories make me certain that farm life is the life for me. Of course there is hard work, but there is also happiness, love and peace in the country. Surrounded by the beauties of Mother Nature, one is close to God.

Don Myers, 10B

DIGNITY OF MAN

Don Myers

The dignity of man is something
That cannot be taken too lightly
For if every man had dignity
There might be peace on earth.
It is like a lone star in the sky
Or as a single flower in the meadow
It stands out as do these things
And gives hope to everyone who uses it.
Like the sun that shines in a clear sky
It lights the way of a man's future
And shows the way that he is going
And the path that he has trod.
Not many men have dignity these days
And the few that do, don't show it
Nor do they use it in any way
But who knows if they can use it?
Only God knows who has the proper dignity
And only He knows when they will use it
So let us pray that He shows us the way
To use and employ our dignity,
So we can live together in peace.

Edward Ziemba, 12B

SHE STOOD ALONE

She stood alone upon a hill
Gazing at the sky,
And as I passed I heard a sound
Somewhat like a sigh.
She wore a dress of emerald green,
Her shoes were reddish-brown
And in her hair she wore a wreath,
An orange-blossom crown.
With her hair the South Wind toyed,
It whispered in her ear
All the secrets of all the world
From lands both far and near.
The sunlight with its gilded rays
Engulfed her in fond embrace,
Then they planted, tenderly,
A kiss upon her upturned face.
It seems that all God's creatures
Answer to her call.
She who stands for all that's good
Shares her wondrous gifts with all.
She stood alone upon a hill,
So lovely, oh, so free!
And how I wished that I had been
That gorgeous, graceful tree.

Barbara Ellen Zola, 12B

TRUE TREASURES

As you sit amidst your vast wealth, old man,
And count your silver and gold,
Think back and try to remember,
Despite your greed and merciless ways,
Was there, perchance, a friend or two?
If not, what true treasures have you?

Don Myers, 10A

CASUALTIES

The war machine whirrs closer and closer,
The yellow soldiers grasp their green guns
As they are warned by the alert trumpeters.
But the dandelions are cut down
By the newly-oiled lawnmower
And the morning-glories droop disconsolately
In the noon-day sun.

Irene Klemme, 11B

Irene Klemme

MY LIFE IN EUROPE

In 1935 my mother was taking care of our farm in Italy, my father was working in America, and I was going to school in Italy with the other boys of our village. Almost all of them were good students; the teacher was well trained, friendly, and kind. After school everyday I did my homework and then went out to play with other boys. Our playing had to be done in the evenings because most of the boys worked in the fields, either watching the animals in the pasture or helping their parents with the harvest. When I was eleven, my elementary years were over.

In Italy, as in most places in Europe, public education is not adequate. Only five years of elementary school are offered, therefore, I entered a private high school outside of my village. There I was enjoying my studies, when suddenly all the schools were closed because of the war. The next day I went back to my village to join the rest of the family in digging a big cave under the mountains, a cave which we used while the war was fought in our village.

This was the beginning of a period of bitterness, poverty, and danger. The next day almost all the village moved up to the mountains for two reasons. First, all the families had animals and wanted to save them from the Germans. Second, every person tried to save his own skin by not living in a house in case the bombardment of the village occurred. We lived in the cave for two months and, believe me, it was worse than you think.

It was winter and there were no fires in the caves except when the women cooked; it was hard to get wood. I remember the first morning when I woke up and went to get some water to wash my face. Since the German soldiers were already in the village, I watched to see that none of them were around. Suddenly as I turned I saw two of them near me. They came close to ask many questions, but I couldn't understand them. Then they went away. Ten days later the Germans passed a law that if any German soldier was killed by a civilian, ten people of the village were to be killed as punishment.

One day one of the soldiers went out of the village and got so drunk that he lost his way back to the camp. Night came, and he didn't return. The captain immediately ordered his crew to get ten civilians to be killed. That night my friends and I went to a movie in the village. On the way out we saw a big truck with four soldiers. We knew that they were waiting to get ten people, but we didn't expect them to take us. Without any questions, they forced us to go with them to a camp. There we found an interpreter, who told us that if this missing soldier didn't show up by morning, all ten of us would be killed. Believe me, when we realized the meaning of what he said, we were much afraid. We prayed and cried all night long.

At dawn we heard someone opening the door, and we said to ourselves, "The time is here and we are going to be shot." "You all are free because the soldier who was lost came back. If he had returned half an hour later, you all would have been killed."

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I believe that the best day of my life was the morning on which the Germans set me free. As I went back to the mountains, I greatly surprised my mother and other relatives, who were all crying because they thought my life was coming to an end. I thanked God that it had turned out differently. We celebrated the best we could.

Finally after the war my father called us to America. On December 6, 1948, we landed in New York. There I met my father for the first time. On December 8, we arrived in Cleveland, which I found a better place than I had expected. Now I am going to school so that I can be a well-educated American citizen.

Angelo Martella, 12A

THE DOOR

I saw a boy at play one day.
The lad was only two.
"Door open, door open," he said
"Come in, come in, won't you?"

He took his grandma by the hand
And led her through the door.
Then with his uncle Rand
He made the trip once more.

Quickly back his feet did pad
And with an impish grin
He clasped the outstretched hand of Dad
And brought him proudly in.

Then turning round he went once more
To gleefully greet another.
He brought her gently through the door,
It was his own dear mother.

Looking pleased he joyfully said,
"I took all right in with me."
He danced and laughed and tossed his head,
And clapped his hands in glee.

The house was all his dreams could afford
And he was quite a man—
The door was just a plain white board,
The hinges, his grandpa's hand.

Marilyn Spurrier, 12B

THE OLD COUPLE

Across the street from Lincoln High
I saw two old folks stand.
They seemed to look into the past
As they stood hand in hand.
Where now they stand in wonderment,
Once stood a graceful tree;
They met each other there each day
When school dismissed at three.
That tree had been their trysting place;
There one of them would wait
Through rain or snow or sunshine bright,
It mattered not how late.
A modern bus draws to the curb
And spills its motley crowd
Of students coming back from lunch
With talk and laughter loud.
It brings to mind the good old days
When they were young and gay;
What fun it was to drive along
With Dobbin and the shay.
From out an open window drifts
The music of a dance.
Had not the fiddles played that tune
The night they found romance?
It seems they hear the song of love
That they sang long ago,
In memory they still recall
The words, "I love you so."
The sprightly dance of yesteryear,
A fiddle's humming strain
Is brought to mind each time they hear
That haunting old refrain.
That building there on Scranton Road
To them meant very much;
They try again to see themselves
With pencils, books, and such.
How different is that scene today.
Would anybody know
They were the first to graduate
Just fifty years ago?

Carol Metger, 12A

PASSING FANCIES

I walked in the garden and beheld
A maiden in a golden gown
Lightly dancing
As if to dodge the white-clothed suitor.
Finally he caught her,
They danced together whispering words of love.
Suddenly they quarreled, parted,
And the butterflies were gone from my sight.

Irene Klemme, 11B

Marilyn Spurrier

Irene Klemme

Choir Boys

There was silence.
A silence likened only
To that of many years ago,
When on darkened, hushed hillsides
Shepherds sat tending their herds.
Silence—but soon
It was glorious with music;
The music of children's voices,
Voices that on a crowded streetcar—
A car filled now until not one more
Mortal could be squeezed into it—
Sang of good will and Peace.
Yes, they sang of good will and tidings of great joy
To a grumbling, ill-tempered lot,
Who thought only of their cumbersome packages
And the bother of Christmas shopping.
But lo! The grumbling stopped;
A stillness took the air;
A stillness that made the very spine tingle;
The stillnes of a miracle,
A miracle like that of many years ago.
For by some power, perhaps Divine,
These ten cherubs of the earth—
They were really choir boys—
Turned a streetcar into a church.

Rosalind Kurch, 12B

Rosalind Kurch

Good Luck
Robert Buck

★ A BOOST TO GROWING UP ★

It is inevitable that a big brother should grow up and fall in love, then suddenly, before the younger brother realizes it, he hasn't a big brother any more.

My brother Dick was ten years old when I was born. From the very beginning Dick felt a responsibility for me and even became proficient at changing my diapers. The new addition to the family appealed to Dick strongly and he longed to do things for me. Nothing was too much trouble if it gave me pleasure. He played with me by the hour.

Dick was delighted when I became of kiddy car age and he could take me around the neighborhood. In the winter Dick and I spent every Saturday beside the old coal oil stove in the kitchen with Wiggles, our dog.

Dick was a tall, athletic fellow. It seemed to me that he was better at baseball and football than any other boy in the neighborhood and how proud I was when he joined my gang and showed us how to throw a curve ball. On winter evenings he taught me to play checkers and chess. He was my hero and my pal.

Years hurried by and Dick was graduated from high school. Then not long afterward I remember listening to the radio announcement that Pearl Harbor had been bombed. I, of course, did not realize the importance of the announcement but I recall that Dick looked very serious and it was not long before the Army took him away from me for four long years.

Then in 1947, just before Christmas we received notice from the war department that Dick was on his way home. Confirming this came a letter from Dick saying that he would arrive home on Christmas Eve. This would be my best Christmas present of all. Of course the whole family went down to the train to welcome him home. Finally came the big moment. How proud I was of my big handsome brother! In his uniform he looked more than six feet tall—every inch a hero. I shall never forget his first words as he got off the train, "Hey, where's that little brother of mine?"

That night we talked for a long time but next morning, Christmas Day, I was up bright and early to open my gifts. Among them I was delighted to find a Japanese sword. Now I'd be the envy of all my friends. As I attempted to withdraw the sword from its scabbard, Dick warned me I was too young to play with it yet. Reluctantly I agreed to put it away until I was older.

During Christmas vacation I was Dick's constant companion. One of the high spots of the week was seeing the Harlem Globetrotters play basketball. Never before had I laughed so hard. That evening when we got home Dick showed me the indoor basketball set he had bought for me and, though it was late, Father installed the equipment much to my mother's dismay.

A few weeks later when Dick began staying out nights I wondered what on earth he could be doing. Finally I overheard my parents discussing Dick and I found out that he was dating a girl in the neighborhood.

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After that at dinner Dick often talked of Marge. "She is very pretty, you'll like her," he said. "She is quiet and charming, not like these silly teen-agers."

Finally one evening, Dick brought Marge home to meet my parents and me. When I first laid eyes on her, she was so pretty I could not resist giving expression to my feelings. "Holy Smoke!" I shouted.

I hated to admit it even to myself but as I saw more of Marge I was glad she was going to become my sister-in-law. Probably Marge's knowledge of chess and her willingness to play the game with me brought about this change of mind.

Dick's wedding itself did not seem a particularly imporant occasion to me. I was chiefly concerned with the delicious food that followed the wedding and the refreshments that were served at the reception that evening.

Fortunately for Dick, shortly after the honeymoon there was a vacancy in the apartment house in which we lived and Father took great pains to get the apartment for Dick.

In the months which followed the wedding, Dick's new home, his wife, and his job took almost all his time. I missed him sorely. For years I had confided to him my worries. Finally I became aware of the fact that from now on it was up to me to solve my problems myself and try to be a man.

I do not see him as often as I would like and our interests are different now, but years drop away when we are together. We are pals again. All my life Dick has been my ideal and I know how deeply indebted to him I am. I know that my older brother will always remain close to my heart.

Robert Buck, 10B

April

Best Wishes Walt

Well, well, well!
Look who's here.
I haven't seen you,
Since way last year.
You came too soon,
Mad March is still here,
With its wintry winds
And slick, white snow.
It's here to stay a month or so.

Walter Paliwoda, 9B

MY PUPPY

My puppy's name is Blackie;
He always wants to play.
When I call him to me,
He runs the other way.

He sleeps all day long
And plays throughout the night.
He never means to do wrong,
But still the house is a sight.

LaVerne Mohorcic, 10B

La-Verne Mohorcic

Just Feminine

Barbara Walker

Isn't spring just like a girl,
Undecided, teasing?
She chooses to stay
But then goes away;
Why doesn't she want to be pleasing?

Barbara Walker, 10A

Signs of Spring

I like to play under the bright blue sky,
And watch the colored birds fly by;
The robin, the blue jay, the cardinal rare,
The blackbird, the crow, and the sparrow fair.

Spring is here and the colors turn bright,
The leaves turn green, the flowers dark and light;
Buds are appearing on the trees,
The flies return as well as the bees.

Joe Porch, 9B

BILLY

Most people have never realized, or never had the chance to realize, that wild animals, as well as the domestic animals, respond to love and affection.

I am one of the lucky few who have had the opportunity to become acquainted with a number of little wild animals. It seems to me that from the day I was born, there has been a tame wild animal in our house. The pet I loved most was a little ring-tailed racoon, called Billy.

When we first got Billy, she did not respond to our affection; in fact, she was very mean. Later we found out that she had ticks in her ears.

Shortly after she came to us, I was looking into her cage and talking to her. Suddenly I saw blue-gray spots in her ears, so I told Father that I thought they were ticks. Sure enough. That night Father took Billy from the cage and to examine her he put her on his work bench. She was angry and fought to be free, but Dad held her down and talked to her. Finally she quieted down some, and was convinced he wanted to help her. After he had killed the ticks, Billy licked his hand. She was no longer afraid of us.

When Billy was about six weeks old, we started letting her come into the house at night to play and to have some fruit or vegetables. Sometimes when she begged she would stand on her hind feet and chatter away. When she had had her fill, she would run and hide.

Before long she decided that we should hide and she would find us. Once I hid between the refrigerator and the wall. Billy galloped past, there is no other way to describe the way she ran. Suddenly she stopped and pattered slowly over to where I stood, looked up at me, and almost seemed to laugh.

When neighborhood children came up to play with Billy, she boxed, scolded and nipped at them playfully. Every night at six o'clock I put her in her box, and fed her her meal of bread and milk. Later when she was older, we fed her dog food.

Billy did not get along very well with Penny, our dog. Billy wanted to play with Penny but Penny was jealous of Billy. One day Billy nipped Penny's tail and Penny turned and grabbed hold of her. Dad had to make Penny lie down. Billy, poor thing, never seemed to learn, though.

We had many happy times with Billy and she seemed to be happy with us, but Father said we should let her go so that she could have a family of her own. That night I cried and cried. I knew he was right, but I knew I would miss Billy sorely. Then one Sunday when my brother and I came home from the movie Mother told me "We let Billy loose today." I started to cry. About a month later I was told the whole story of Billy's freedom.

Dad let Billy loose on a reservation so she would be safe from hunters. When he took off her collar, she headed for the nearest tree and scampered up it. Jumping from branch to branch, she made a little chattering noise, suddenly she stopped and listened. Her ears were

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Best Wishes Deanna Jones

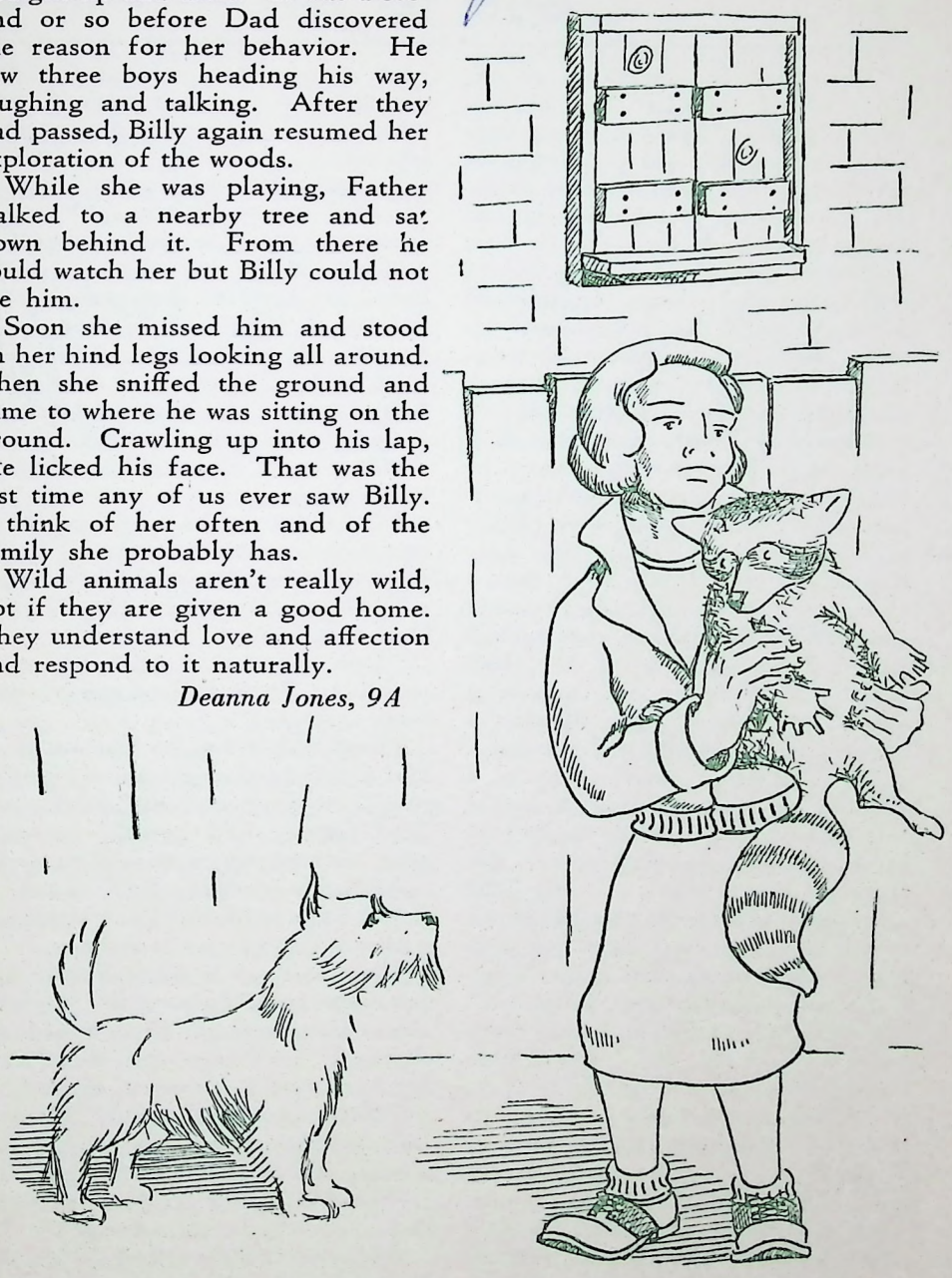
straight up and alert. It was a second or so before Dad discovered the reason for her behavior. He saw three boys heading his way, laughing and talking. After they had passed, Billy again resumed her exploration of the woods.

While she was playing, Father walked to a nearby tree and sat down behind it. From there he could watch her but Billy could not see him.

Soon she missed him and stood on her hind legs looking all around. Then she sniffed the ground and came to where he was sitting on the ground. Crawling up into his lap, she licked his face. That was the last time any of us ever saw Billy. I think of her often and of the family she probably has.

Wild animals aren't really wild, not if they are given a good home. They understand love and affection and respond to it naturally.

Deanna Jones, 9A



AFRAID TO TELL

I stood at the threshold of the door afraid to enter the kitchen where Mother was preparing supper. Mom wasn't old or plump or anything like my girl friends' mothers. She was a slender woman of twenty-nine, with dark brown hair and hazel eyes. She had long fingers with beautiful, long, unpolished nails. Although her hands were almost constantly in water she managed to keep them looking as though they had just been manicured.

Mother was very nice, but also very strict. I never was allowed to climb fences or trees or make mudpies—but I did anyway, when Mother wasn't looking. There was only one day in the whole year that I was allowed to do anything I wanted (anything within reason, that is) and that day was my birthday. Dad had said, "A birthday is something special so I think Julie should be allowed to do anything she wants."

My dad was swell! Maybe I thought so only because I could twist him around my little finger just by being coy and saying ever so demurely, "But Daddy . . ." My Dad was a good sportsman, too. He loved to fish and often took me along with him. I liked his friends a lot. They had a nickname for me, "Bambine." My dark hair and complexion were positive traits of the Italian. Our family, however, is English.

I stood in the doorway trying to think of something to tell mother. I usually could make up a pretty good alibi. She'd be furious, I knew, when she saw my torn skirt. I wasn't worried about Dad; I'd just turn on the charm and everything would be fine. But Mother was different. For once in my life I wished I hadn't climbed that nasty old fence. I wished with all my heart I had never seen a fence.

I can still hear that terrible "r-r-rip" as my skirt caught on the fence and tore. I seemed to freeze in mid-air, afraid to move. I would have remained in that unbecoming position if Mike hadn't come to the rescue. Mike, my boy-friend, like Dad, melted whenever I said, "But Mike . . . !" He laughed when he saw me hanging by my skirt. I hated nothing more than to have anyone laugh at me.

"Get me down," I screamed. Hate and resentment soared in my heart. Again I heard that terrible "r-r-rip."

"Mike, please get me down!" I was almost hysterical.

"Don't squirm so much," he commanded. "How did you get into this mess anyhow?"

Good old Mike, he got me loose and I fell to the ground sobbing. I was heartbroken; my skirt — the skirt Daddy had bought me—was torn, ruined by a thoughtless, inconsiderate, selfish little minx. I didn't have to look; I knew there was a horribly huge tear in the hem.

Not until my hysterical tears had subsided to whimpers did I think about being afraid. Dad would understand; he always did. But Mother; how would I explain to her!

"What am I going to do?" I looked up appealingly at Mike. He just shrugged his shoulders.

"You're a big help. Don't just stand there; do something."

Mike looked surprised. "How can I do anything?" He looked at the results of my exploit and ejaculated

exuberantly, "Wow, what a whopper! When you do something you do it good, don't you?"

"What am I gonna tell my mother?" I asked him with confidence of getting a helpful hint.

"Why not tell her the truth—for a change?" he added "for a change" almost hurriedly.

The impact of that phrase was like a slap across the face. It sent my head swirling. I could feel the tears of utter despair coming over me again. I sat down desperately on the wooden box that was near the fence and hid my face in my hands. I could hear Mike's footsteps as he walked away.

Suddenly a cold fury engulfed me. I leaped to my feet like one who has just sat down on a very sharp tack. All the anger, fear, and hate that anyone could possibly experience exploded before me. I jumped, stomped and kicked at the poor defenseless box upon which I had been sitting, bent on destroying it in revenge. My anger subsided; once again I was confronted with the problem of making up an alibi. It seemed, as I sat there, that I had used all my imagination for alibis to serve the purpose of previous escapades.

I sat on the wooden box dejected, friendless, alone and afraid. It seemed to me that butterflies were having a square dance in my stomach. At times I trembled. All sorts of pictures flashed through my mind, pictures of dancing devils with red-hot flames leaping about them and making hideous designs, pictures of my mother scolding me. The pictures of Mother were so realistic I could almost hear her voice.

In the midst of the dancing devil and my scolding mother, I saw a light and followed it. I came back to reality with a start. I knew what I had to do. I'd run away and then no one would ever scold me again. I'd be truthful, obedient, and polite when I got to Africa, for that was my decided destination. However, I got no farther than the front yard when Mother called.

"Julie, supper is ready. Come in and wash."

I stopped. What to do! I could pretend I hadn't heard, but on the other hand, I was awfully hungry. I turned and started for the house. Again I hesitated. One thought came back to mind—my torn skirt.

"I'd better not go in," I said to myself; but just then the delicious aroma of beef-stew—my extra special favorite dish — drifted down from the house. I was so hungry! That stew smelled so good. The battle between hunger and fear was arbitrated by the third party—food. Even as I climbed the porch stairs the butterflies resumed their square dance in the hollow pit of my stomach. Again alibi after alibi raced through my tortured mind. No inspiration for a new one came. I stood on the threshold afraid to enter.

"Well, don't just stand there," Mother said when she saw me. "Supper is almost ready."

"Julie?" It was Mother who called in a sweet, soft voice.

"Yes?" I knew she had seen my torn skirt.

"How did you tear your skirt?"

The tender kindness in her voice surprised me. I thought desperately for an alibi; but ringing in the back of my head were the sharp words, "Why not tell her the truth—for a change?"

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In one big outburst I told all.

"Iwasclimbingthefencewhenmyskirt caughtandgotripped . . ."

"Whoa, wait a minute," Daddy laughed as he put a restraining hand on my shoulder. "Now speak in English so we can understand you."

I started over again, more slowly this time.

"I'm sorry, truly I am!" I finished pathetically.

"Of course it's not a very big tear. But next time you climb fences come in and change to some blue jeans," said Mother.

I couldn't understand why Mother was so nice. Ordinarily she'd have been furious. I looked at the skirt—for the first time since I had torn it. Why the tear was only along the hem about two inches long.

"But Mike said it was such a big 'whopper'."

"Yes, we know, kitten, he came in and told us all about it," Mother informed me.

We sat down at the table. Daddy told me to close my eyes. I obeyed. When he told me to open them, it was in the center of the table—a big round cake with snow-white icing on the top and my name in pink letters. There were eight candles encircling the cake like a crown.

"Happy Birthday, darling," Mother and Daddy chorused.

The skirt was completely forgotten as we ate. Today was my birthday. In my anxiety I had completely forgotten. Today was my birthday—the one day in the year I was allowed to do anything I had a mind to do—even climb fences.

Barbara Zola, 12B

ACE

Even now, ten years later, I still laugh when I go past the little white house on the corner of the street I live on. It was a nice house with a big bay window. There were beautiful shrubs and flowers in the front yard but in the back yard was my hated enemy, Ace.

Who is Ace? Well, in my opinion he was the meanest, ugliest German police dog in the world.

Everything was all right when Mrs. Polvik bought him. As a puppy he didn't bother me and I didn't bother him. But about a year later I accidentally ran over his tail with my scooter, and after that he was my most dreaded enemy.

That fall I started school and then my troubles began. Every morning when I got up I looked out of the side window, down at Mrs. Polvik's backyard, and there would be Ace, leering at me.

Usually about that time my mother would say in a persuading way, "Hurry up, son, or you will be late."

I went down to breakfast and after two bowls of Wheaties I felt a little better. Then I started to prepare myself for Ace; in one pocket I put my jack knife; in the other my squirt gun.

I gently opened my door and began to tiptoe down the stairs. Everything was going fine until the baker blew his whistle! Ace was on me like a flash — barking, growling, and straining on his leash.

My senses seemed to freeze and I couldn't form any words, so I growled back at him. I began to won-

der what would happen if that leash ever broke.

Every day it seemed that the leash was getting weaker and weaker and Ace was growing bigger and bigger.

Then one day I looked out of the window and Ace wasn't there. I began to yell for joy like a wild Indian.

"What's going on up there?" my mother yelled.

"Nothing," I replied. "I'm just feeling good today."

I went downstairs and rushed through my breakfast. Various questions were running through my head. What had happened to Ace? Was he sick or hurt? Or maybe he was dead?

After saying goodby to my mother, I slammed the front door and started whistling a happy tune. My curiosity overcame me so I went up and rang Mrs. Polvik's bell.

"What is it, boy?" she said in broken English.

"I wondered what happened to Ace," I said in a serious tone.

"He was getting too big for the city so I sent him to my brother's farm in Litchfield."

"That's too bad," I said. "I always liked Ace."

Everything was fine for three years and I had almost forgotten about Ace. Every day I still took my usual look out the window. One rainy morning later I took my regular glance and there he was, grinning like the Devil himself—Ace.

All the old fears came back to me, but I thought maybe he wouldn't remember me. I soon found out. I put on my raincoat and said my goodbye to my family and went out to face Ace.

I didn't run. I sort of skipped down the stairs; I tried to be calm, but my hands were shaking. Then he heard me—he let out a yelp and rushed at me like a mad bull. My greatest fear finally materialized—the leash broke and Ace was on me. I waited for his teeth to dig into my throat. I felt something wet on my face and I put my hand on it expecting to feel the thick warm blood.

But there wasn't any blood—it was just Ace's warm tongue lapping my face as if I were his long lost buddy.

All I could say was, "Good boy, Ace."

Howard Flower, 12B

THE TRUE FRIENDS

Although the fire crackled merrily, Reverend Norris, sitting in his study, seemed to have an odd feeling that something was wrong. Things had taken on an ominous cast last week when he had found his set of driving harness cut to shreds. The next day he had found his horse's manger filled with salt. What could this mean? His contemplation was interrupted by a sudden rap on the door. He opened it to a young farmer who seemed quite agitated.

"Evenin', Reverend Norris," he said automatically. Then, "Have you seen this? I found it posted on a tree so it's half hidden by weeds."

His eyes blazed and his red hair seemed to set the whole room afire with anger. The minister quietly took the poster Andy held out. He stiffened as he read it.

"It's been kept quiet around town but I overheard some of the saloon fellows talking about the votin'. They don't want decent folks to know about it so's we won't vote," Andy ejaculated.

The poster had stated that the people were to vote as to whether the township would be "wet" or "dry." The law required that posters be put up announcing the voting, but the saloonkeeper, the local crooked politician, had the posters placed in inconspicuous places and soon covered with public sale notices. He had also managed to postpone the voting until all the farmers in the township were in the middle of harvesting their crops.

"Something has to be done right away," Reverend Norris stated. "I'll saddle up Nellie and see whether I can't arouse some interest in this voting to counteract the dirty politics involved."

"That's a good idea, Reverend. I'll ride along with you if you don't mind."

They rode to the homes of all the farmers in the township and got most of them to promise to come in to town on Tuesday and vote for a "dry" township.

That night as he sat once again in front of the warm fireplace, Reverend Norris recalled the day's happenings. Would his attempts of this day be fruitful? Could these farmers whom he had visited today be depended upon in this emergency? He wondered whether they looked on him as a friend and neighbor as well as a spiritual leader. Did he have any true friends?

Meanwhile the saloonkeeper and his friends were quietly smirking over the easy victory they believed in store for them.

Tuesday dawned bright and sunny, but in the heart of Reverend Norris there was a doubt as to whether things would turn out as bright as the day. The saloonkeeper had his watchers out when the polls opened at sunrise. They saw all their friends out voting early, with only an occasional villager casting a dissenting vote. By noon it seemed as if the balloting was nearly over. There had been only a few ballots cast in opposition to the saloon. But toward of their lives, for slowly the farmers his friends got the biggest surprise late afternoon the saloonkeeper and began to come in and cast their votes. By that time the heat of the afternoon and the hidden beer had started to show its effects. No one

challenged the farmers as had been planned but when the results were tallied and it was reported that the "Drys" had won by an overwhelming majority, the saloonkeeper and his cohorts began looking for someone against whom the rowdy element of the town could vent their chagrin.

Of course, for the whole year he had been there, the preacher and his family had had to bear the brunt of the saloonkeeper's displeasure. This occasion was no different.

The saloonkeeper was the natural ring-leader and he welcomed the chance to get revenge on Reverend Norris. He remembered with bitterness the time he and his friends had been doing some target practising and Reverend Norris had gone by on his way to get the mail. Someone had scoffingly invited the "poor preacher" to try his hand at it. With scarcely any effort he stepped up, lifted the pistol, lowered it on the target and drove in the tack which centered the target. The "poor preacher" then returned the pistol and without a word continued on his way. This act was not only deflating to the saloonkeeper's ego, it left a clear impression on his mind that here was a force to be reckoned with in this humble, unpretentious man of God.

What better time than now to stir into flame the smouldering fire of resentment against the person these half-besotted men believed somehow to be responsible for their defeat.

"Well, boys, it looks like we won't be gathering around here any more after this month. If that schoolteacher we sent out squirrel hunting with the preacher had 'accidentally' hit the 'squirrel' we paid him to shoot, we wouldn't be having all this trouble," the saloonkeeper orated. "Looks like that preacher is gonna make this a mighty dull place for us to live in. Maybe we ought to make it a little more exciting for him. Let's run him out. What say, boys?"

"Okay, sounds like a good idea. But how'll we do it. I don't want to get in no trouble. He wouldn't take none of the warnin's we give him. He just seemed to ignore that salt and cut harness," responded a bleary-eyed follower.

"Well, I have an idea, but how about passing that jug around again? My throat's getting kinda dry." The saloonkeeper stopped and took a deep drink before going on. "Fellows, there is only one of him and a good dozen of us here. You know he always talks of that story in the Bible about the guy who was stoned to death. D'ya get the idea?"

This was met with hearty guffaws and cheers. After fortifying themselves with another drink and pockets full of good-sized stones, they started noisily up the road for the preacher's house.

Reverend Norris was sitting on the porch talking with Andy, who had come back into town to find out the results of the balloting, when they heard the shouts of the mob coming up the street.

"Looks like you're in for some kind of trouble, Reverend," Andy mused. After a few quiet minutes, "I reckon I'd better get cuttin' now. G'nite, Reverend."

Reverend Norris was rather surprised at Andy's sudden departure. It wasn't because he thought he needed help, but because Andy hadn't seemed to be the type of person to walk out when something big was about to take place. He had always seemed more likely to be loyal to a friend, no matter what happened.

This was just out of character. But he didn't have much time to worry about Andy now. That gang was getting closer.

"Elizabeth, you get yourself and the babies up into the middle bedroom and lock the door. Don't open it for anybody or anything until I come up for you," Reverend Norris shouted to his wife.

It looked as if he would have to defend himself so he went into the house and got an old hunting knife which he tied to his belt, a muzzle-loading shotgun which he set just inside the door, and a revolver which he carried with him. As this rowdy crowd approached, they were somewhat abashed at the sight of the minister standing calmly on the porch, gun in hand, seemingly serene and unruffled.

They stopped at a fair distance as the drunken saloonkeeper jeered, "Don't pretend you're so almighty, just because you got a lucky shot that day."

So that was what it was all about really. Reverend Norris chuckled because little did they know that during his college days he had spent his summers in South Dakota riding range.

Not one of the ruffians seemed to want to throw the first stone. To them in their drunken state he seemed like God himself ready to mete out judgment to each of them. Each man was ready to run when Reverend Norris boomed, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone!"

After that the silence was deafening. Even the hardest of the men was sobered at the thought of the great sin which they had almost committed. Seemingly, without accord, they turned and each strode toward his own house.

For a long time Reverend Norris stood there alone. Then from behind the herge came a voice, followed bv a body. It was Andy.

"Shucks, parson, you handled that just right. We was purely certain you could, but we weren't takin' no chances," he grinned.

"You shore didn't need me either. Laws, I didn't even get a chance for one good war cry," came from the old peg-legged Civil War veteran who lived across the road. He hoisted his old war musket to his shoulder, turned, and went back into his house.

"Reckon I could be of more assistance another time." This voice came from behind a tree. The owner of the voice turned out to be the owner of the furniture factory on the next street. He had come well armed with hammers. "They're the only weapons I could find in a hurry when Andy told me what was going on," he said apologetically.

"I don't know how to begin to thank you, men, for your support," Reverend Norris started.

"Don't bother now with thanks. I gotta be gettin' on home. There's plenty of work waiting for me tomorrow. G'night again, parson," Andy concluded.

"Me, too, Reverend. I gotta get these hammers back before I get weak from carrying them around. Goodnight."

In his heart Reverend Norris breathed a prayer of thanks that there would be no more question or doubt in his mind about his friends. They were really true friends.

Carol Metger, 12A

Carol Metger